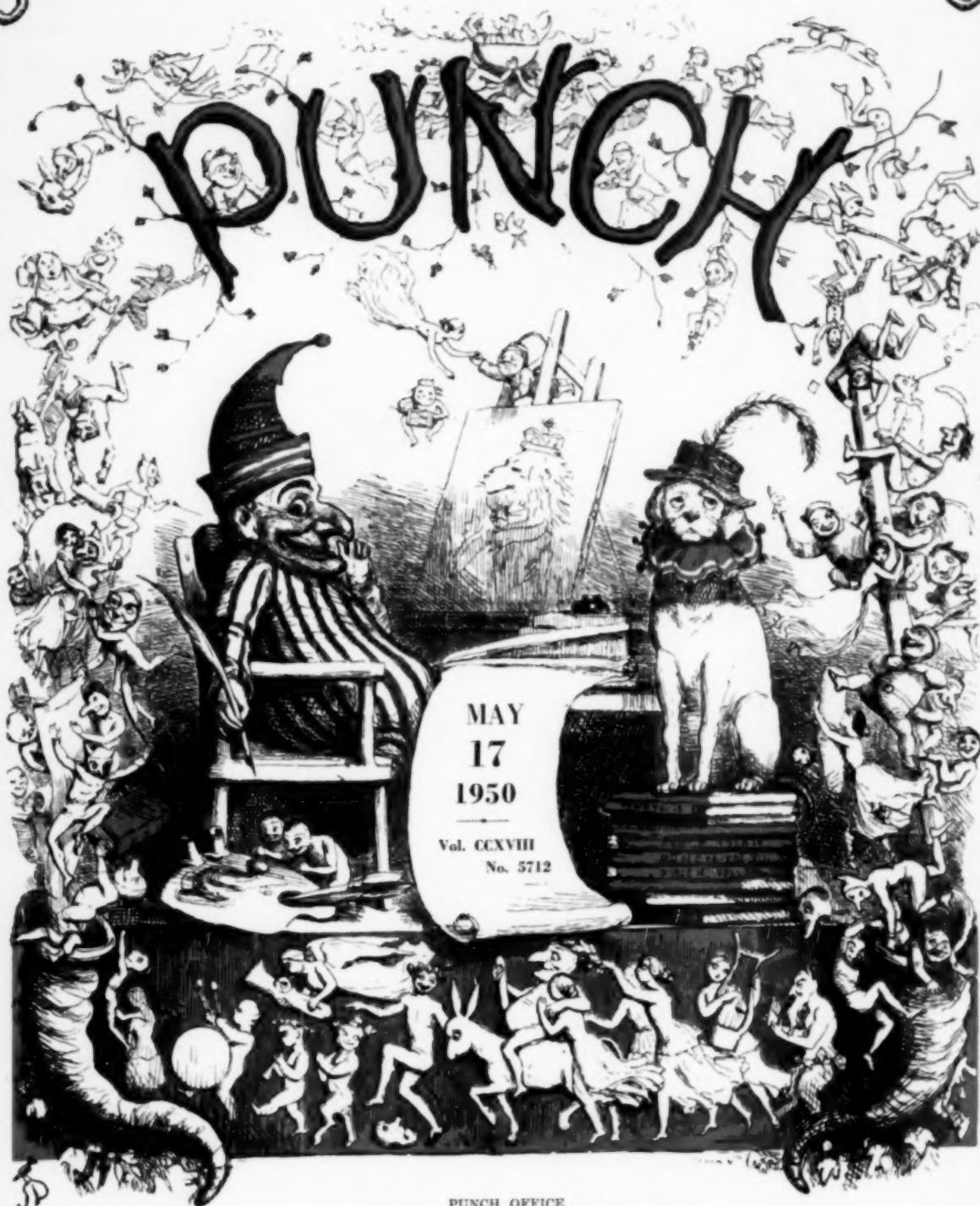


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"Only two," answered the gourmet.

"Only two?"

"Precisely so," said the lawyer, "only two. There was myself and there was the bird."

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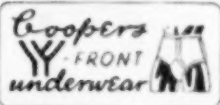
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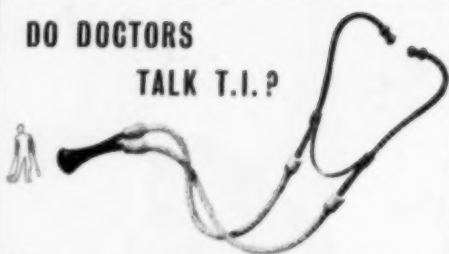


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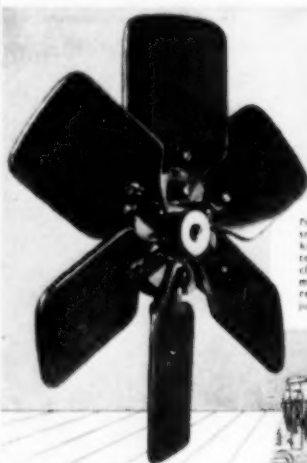
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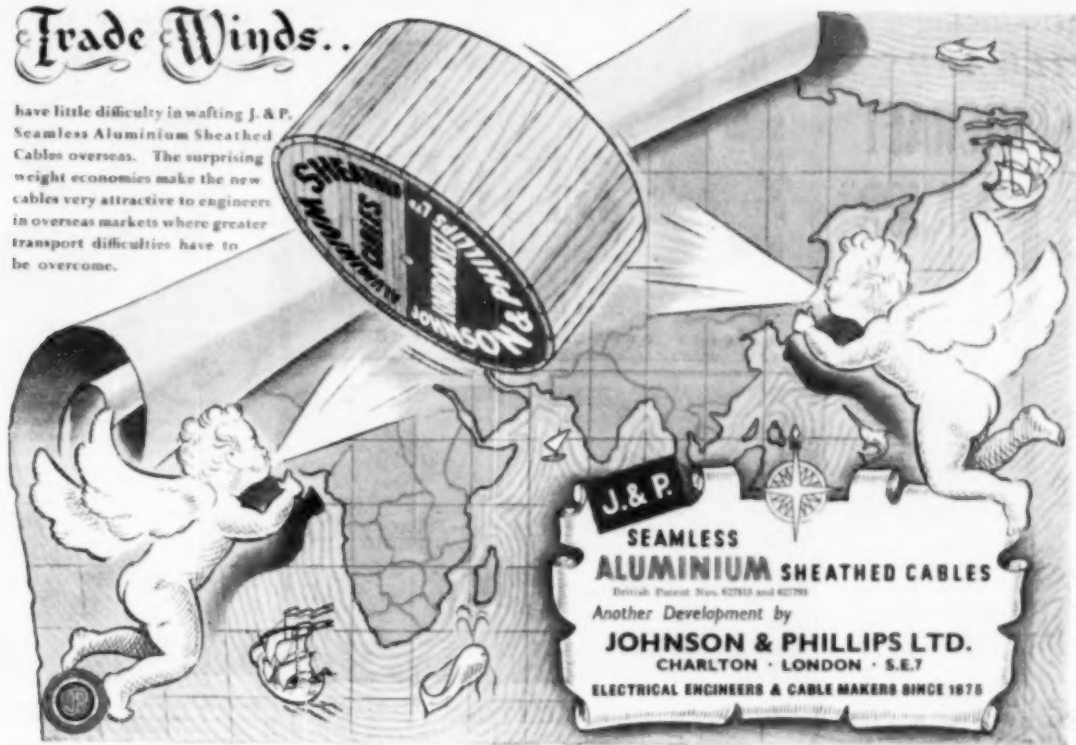
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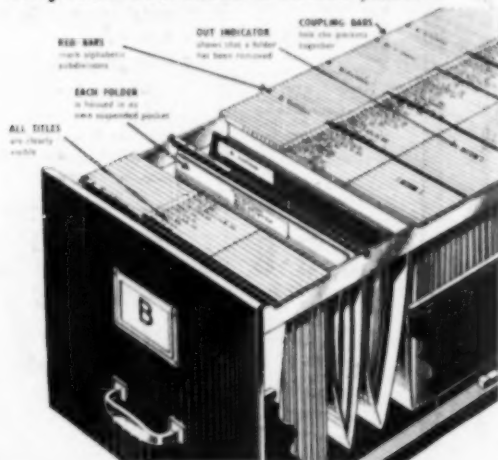
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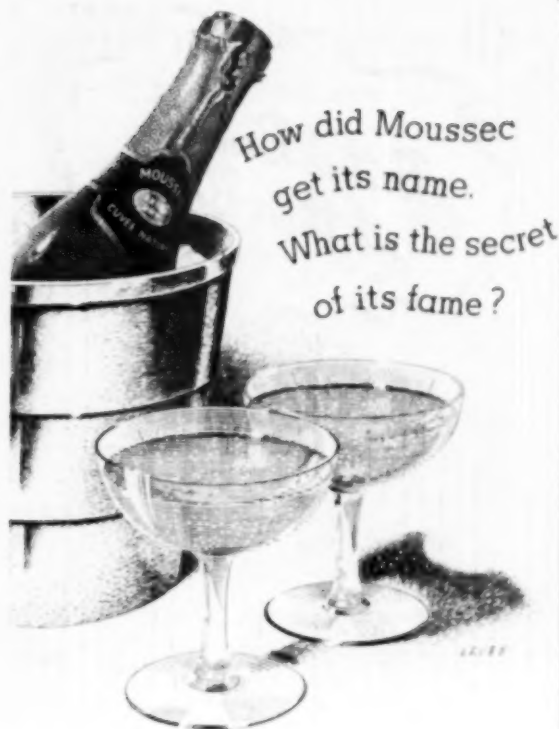
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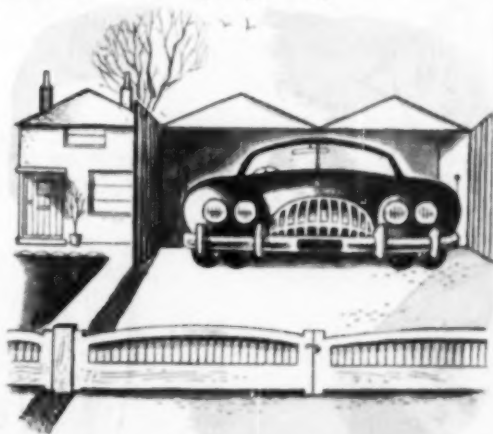


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That, of course, is the danger—nervous overstrain in a highly-strung child tends to exhaust the nervous system too much. Parents who are lucky enough to have a highly-strung child should be proud, but they should be careful, too. Signs of nervous exhaustion should be watched for. *Extra* nourishment is what is needed—the sort of extra nourishment you get in Horlicks.

Horlicks is so much more than a delicious bedtime drink—it's a predigested food, all nourishment, that restores energy during sleep. It's an essential for the highly-strung child—and when, proud and happy, you see the dawning recognition of your child's brilliance, you'll be glad you safeguarded that brilliance with Horlicks.

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says Patricia Seymour

HERE'S a sweet you can serve on the most special occasions—yet it's really so simple to make! And do remember that a 'Pyrex' brand casserole is the ideal method of cooking this sort of baked sweet.

You see, this lovely glass ovenware holds the heat, and gives it out evenly to the food inside—so you get an even, through-and-through cooking that's delicious! And the saving in work with 'Pyrex' brand ovenware is tremendous—no dishing-up, no dirty saucepans, no waste either. These sparkling dishes look so gay, too! They do full justice to the appearance of the food, which looks extra tempting when seen through the transparent glass sides. You

need: 3 oz. rice; pinch salt; 1 pint milk; 1 rounded teaspoonful cornflour; 2 eggs; 3 oz. sugar; 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla essence; 2 tablespoonfuls jam.

Wash rice and cook in the milk and salt till tender. Blend cornflour with cold water, stir into rice and cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir beaten egg yolks into mixture and add vanilla essence and 1 oz. sugar. Pour into casserole and spread with jam. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth, fold-in most of remaining sugar and pile on top of jam. Decorate with pieces of cherry and angelica, and dust with the rest of the sugar. Bake in a cool oven for about half an hour, or until set and lightly browned. (Ministry of Food tested.)



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**OVEN-TO-TABLE
GLASSWARE**

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 13 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by accident. It is made by James A. Leitch & Co. Ltd., Glass Works, Sunderland.

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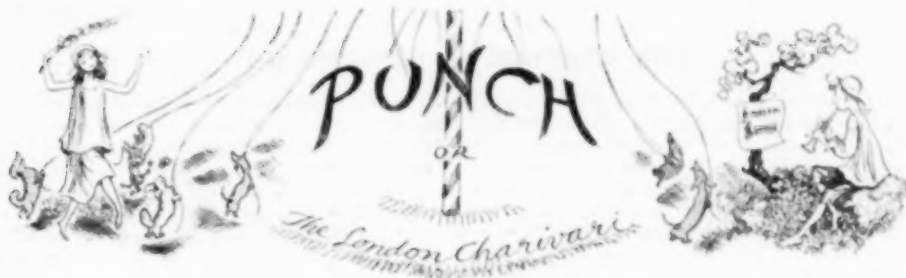


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CHARIVARIA

A NEW drug called CP9 is said to cure colds overnight. So someone has now got to discover another good reason for drinking hot whisky-toddy.



Now that the Tobermory Bay galleon has been located the Duke of Argyll must wonder whether his three-hundred-year-old title to the sunken treasure will remain valid, or whether retrospective legislation will divert it to the Treasury.

"Pairing out" has become a feature of the present Parliament. Taking this precaution largely obviates the necessity for doubling in.

Mine Own Executioner

"Electric Chair for Sale; perfect condition; new batteries; complete with own charger; £100."

Advt. in "Yorkshire Post"



A new type of portable canoe that can be assembled in a matter of minutes is on view at the British Industries Fair. The makers confidently look forward to a record turnover this summer.

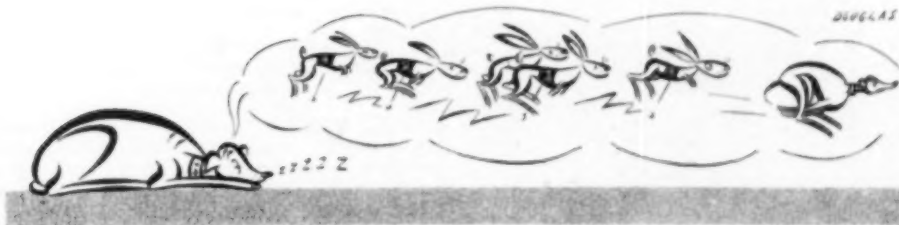
"A black netball dress is finished with trim upon tier of delicate white lace."—"Evening Standard"
Your move, Miss Moran.

Announcing the end of the five-shilling limit for meals, Mr. Maurice Webb said that "it no longer has any substantial merit as an instrument of equity in the consumption of food supplies." So now he's even taken the very words out of our mouths.

Although *Peter Pan* is now running in New York and the latest song hit in that city is "Knees Up, Mother Brown," one can still be certain of finding genuine traditional American entertainment at the London Palladium.

Family Failing

"This film tells a story of three afflicted sisters who try to kill their brother to acquire his wealth, and so maintain the family tradition."
Advt. in "Wigan Observer"



THE WEATHER IN WONDERLAND

FURY—well not much but a little—has been made to growl among historians by the ingenious attempt of *The Times* to connect the day of Alice's dream with the battle of Tewkesbury. Certainly that battle was fought on the fourth of May not far from the town where Severn and Avon meet, and certainly May the fourth was the date accepted by the Mad Hatter when he found his watch was two days wrong.

Certainly also on the same day the Queen ordered the decapitation of Five and Seven for painting the white roses red.

But, argue historians, the red rose was not worn by the Lancastrian knights at the battle of Tewkesbury. And they might argue also that the painting of the white rose red was not finally accomplished until the day of Bosworth Field. This paper, trying as always to be helpful, showed in a well reasoned article more than twenty years ago that the March Hare was the Earl of March, and Sir William Catesby the Cheshire Cat. The Pig of course was Richard III. But, speaking as gardeners and more than historians, may we not contend that neither red nor white roses nor the Rosa Mundi, which is partly white and partly red, are in bloom on the fourth of May? The last rose of summer blooms about the middle of December, the first standard roses usually wait until it is a little more warm.

The whole controversy has caused me a great deal of anxious thought and care. To begin with, was Alice right about the date in that dreamland where she dreamed? "Let me see now, four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is— Oh dear! . . . London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome." Can we trust her calendar any more safely than her geography or her multiplication table?

It was early, you will say, in the year because the pigeon had taken the highest tree in the wood, and

was hatching her eggs there when the head of Alice appeared like a serpent above the sea of green leaves. True enough, but then she had just been talking to the Caterpillar, and the Caterpillar had been sitting on the mushroom of which she had just swallowed the left-hand bit. Mushrooms on the fourth of May!

Oh, but it was surely high summer in the animal world. There fell not rain nor hail, nor any water indeed, except what Alice wept, which may have been the same as the sea by which the Gryphon and the Mock-turtle sat. There was croquet, if unorthodox croquet, on the lawn. There were groups under the dreaming garden trees. There was tea out of doors.

But tea out of doors had begun on the fourteenth of March, if you accept the evidence of the Mad Hatter against that of the Dormouse and the March Hare, though it was not until the end of that month that the tea began to twinkle and the bread and butter grew so thin.

Would the Dormouse have been still so sleepy, either inside or outside the teapot, if summer had really begun? Then there is the difficult evidence of the roses. "That's very curious, but everything's curious to-day," said Alice as she went through the tree. I think the pattern of the dream calendar was curiously than the Cheshire Cat or the Earl of March or the infant Pig.

But Alice took the day of the month down with her from the waking world perhaps, and what was the day of the month up there? It was hot. She was sitting on a bank. She wondered whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of picking the daisies. And when she woke "she found herself lying on the bank, with her head on the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face."

Dead leaves on the fourth of May? I give it up. Yet May the fourth was Alice's birthday. She was exactly seven and a half (or so she said to Humpty Dumpty in the Looking Glass world) on the day before the fifth of November. Why did she not tell the Dodo that it was her birthday in Wonderland? The verses at the beginning of the book do not help me very greatly:

*"All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our ears with little skill
By little arms are plied."*

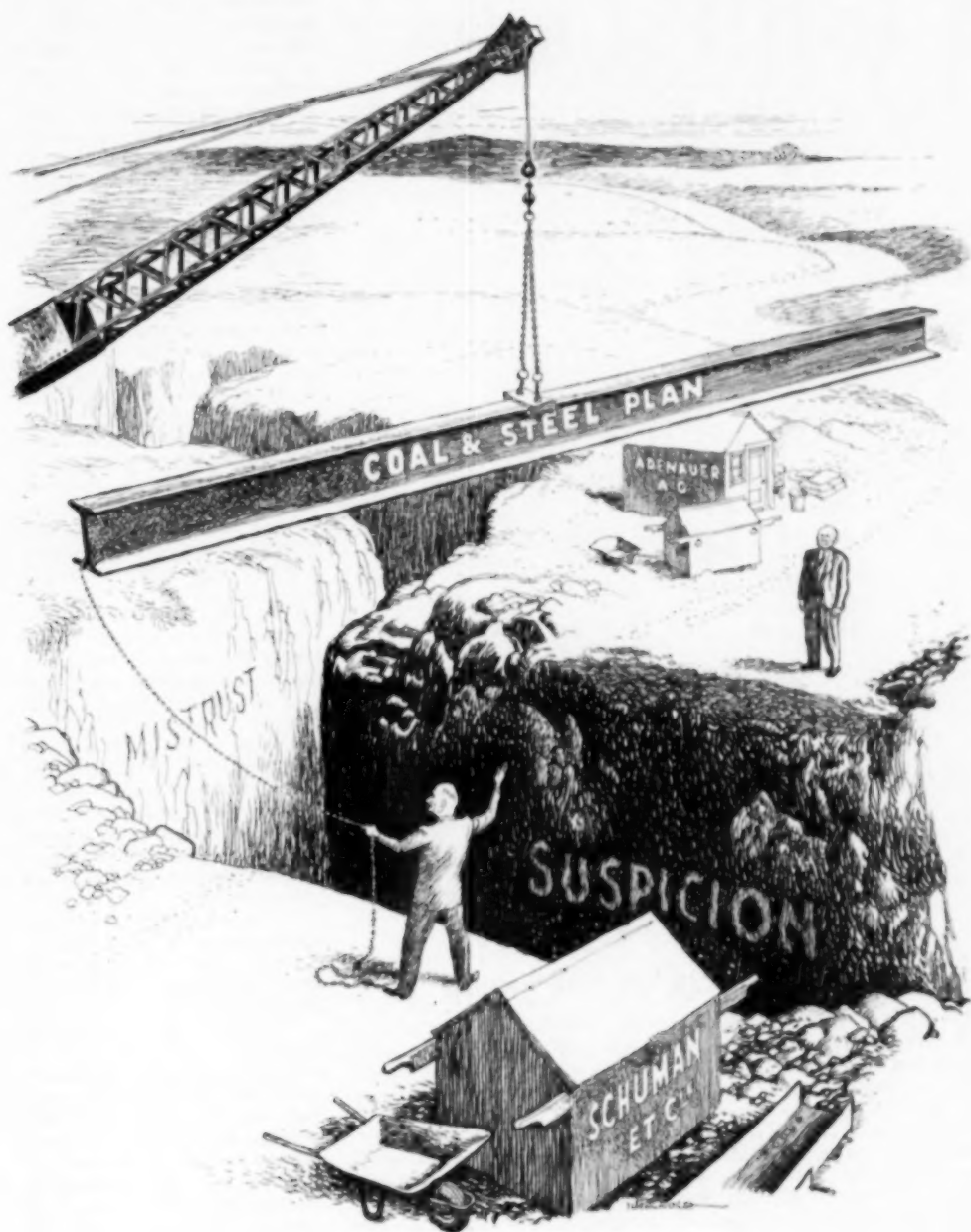
Nor do the verses at the end of *The Looking Glass*:

*"A boat beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—"*

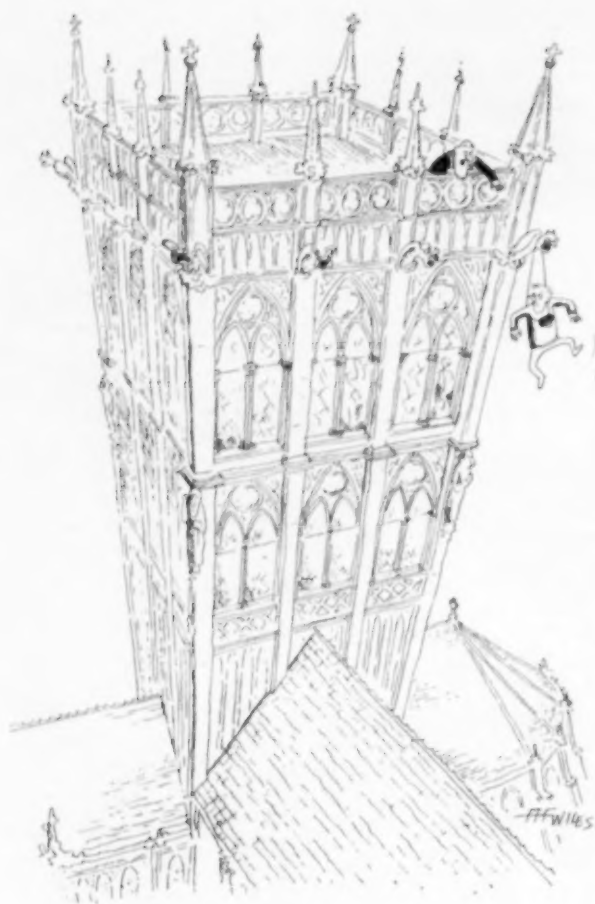
Was it term time in Oxford, or the long vacation, when Lewis Carroll and the Liddell daughters rowed and the story was first begun? And by what queer freak does the picture of a Dodo, the very Dodo I think that Tennyson drew, come next to Dodgson in my encyclopaedia?

EVON





PONT DE LA CONCORDE



"Sorry, sir—no cameras allowed."

THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE

YOUNG Richard Caudle-Green was but a merry, thoughtless lad when first he entered Parliament. In accordance with family tradition his father had put him down for membership at birth, and shortly after he came down from Oxford he received notification that he was elected. On his initial visit he was welcomed kindly by the Speaker, who showed him over the premises and introduced him to some of the more influential Members. He found

them a dry lot, and after that he rarely went, except for a game of squash or when he found himself stranded late at night and in need of a bed.

Thus it was that he never met Lucy Prinkett, the Prime Minister's lovely daughter, until her twenty-first birthday. Lucy had grown up in the House. The chambers and corridors had echoed to her pattering footsteps since she could walk, and before that they had echoed to

her crawling. The daughter of the House they called her, and she was the pride and joy of the Members, who were never too busy to spare a minute for a romp when she came toddling among the benches. If a heated Member used unparliamentary language during a debate the Speaker had but to frown and nod towards the innocent child for the offender to blush and subside, muttering apologies.

And now Lucy was twenty-one! The day's proceedings opened with a formal motion, moved by the Speaker, that this House wished her many happy returns. The motion was carried without a Division, amid Government and Opposition cheers. There was a gratifying little ceremony when the Leader of the Opposition, catching the Speaker's eye, presented Lucy on behalf of his Party with a beautifully-bound edition-de-luxe of *Hansard*. She opened the exquisite thing with trembling fingers, and gave a little gasp of pleasure as she saw it had been dedicated to her.

The House adjourned early, for a ball was to be given in Lucy's honour, and at the cry "Who goes home!" the Members rushed away to dress while employees of the Office of Works cleared the Debating Chamber of its seats and sprinkled french chalk over the floor. And later that night Richard Caudle-Green, crossing Westminster Bridge, was arrested by the brilliant lights, the music and laughter emanating from the staid old House of Commons.

On the impulse he entered, and stood transfixed. There before him was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. He gripped the arm of a passing Member.

"Introduce me, please!" he breathed.

The Member smiled. It was Mr. Prinkett, the Prime Minister, whom Richard held in a grasp of iron. He beckoned to Lucy, who came running across, glad to escape from Lord Mudeford, the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, with whom she had been dancing and who could talk of nothing but a new recipe for making mock-potato-soup he had read in a Food-flash.

"Lucy, my dear—permit me to present Mr. Richard Caudle-Green."

The Speaker, passing, overheard and frowned. His alone was the privilege of naming a Member.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" muttered Richard hoarsely.

All that evening they danced together. Lucy found herself deeply attracted by him. When the revelry was at its height they sat-out a dance in a secluded corner of the Strangers Gallery, and there he proposed to her in a maiden speech as powerful and polished as any the House had heard. He wound up with a stirring peroration, and waited in suspense. Would the Ayes or the Noes have it?

"Alas, it can never be!" said Lucy sadly. "You forget I am a Prime Minister's daughter. I have a duty. I can never marry outside the House."

"And am I, too, not a Member of this House?" cried Richard proudly. "Do I not sit for the City Borough of Loam, in the county of Loamshire?"

She stared at him with dilated eyes.

"You are an hon. Member! Why have I never seen you here before?"

"Well, I don't often get the chance to look in, as a matter of fact. What with one thing and another—"

She rose to her feet, cold with disdain.

"The hon. Member for Loam will kindly take me back to the ball-chamber."

"But, Miss Prinkett—"

"Enough. You are not *keen*. When I marry, it will be a man with a hundred-per-cent attendance. Between you and me there can be no Coalition."

The months passed. The debate of the year came. The House was packed, for a colossal issue was at stake, and the excitement was terrific as the Division bell rang and the Members filed into the Lobbies.

The Opposition went in first, and put together the splendid total of 482. There was jubilation among their supporters. The Government would have a job to beat that! But the Government fought grimly

back. 50-100-150—gasps of excitement rose every time the Teller announced the latest score. The Government went steadily on with their huge task. 200-250-300-350! What a reply! But the Government had now lost their most valuable men. Only the tail-enders remained.

Tea was taken with the score at 397. Never had the House known such tense excitement. On the resumption three were quickly added, and a wild burst of cheering rent the air as the 400 went up. The last men were making a dogged stand. Slowly the total reached 450. Then came a partial collapse. The last man was out, and the total was—

"Four hundred and eighty-two!" called the Government Teller. "The result is a tie!"

Amid the hubbub a slight, golden-haired figure sprang lightly on to the dispatch-box.

"Not so!" she cried in clear tones. "We still have one man to go in!"

"Who?" roared every throat.

"The hon. Member for Loam."

A light came into the Prime Minister's eyes.

"Lucy, you have saved us! Can you get him on the phone?"

Barely pausing to borrow two-pence from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, she rushed out to a call-box.

"Richard!" she panted. "This is Lucy. May I solicit your vote and interest?"

"Lucy!" came Richard's voice. "What is the matter?"

Swiftly she recounted the position.

"Come quickly!" she implored. "Come and cast your vote, and save the Government from falling. In your hands lies the future of the Empire."

"But, Lucy, I'm playing snooker, and I'm on the black."

"Listen!" she said vibrantly. "Come, and I will marry you to-morrow."

With an exultant shout Richard potted the black and leapt into a taxi.

There was a breathless hush as he entered the House. "I spy

strangers," hissed an Opposition back-bencher, and Richard flushed under the coarse insult.

One wanted to win! Could he do it? He had not voted for years—he was out of practice. But he had Lucy's promise, and he felt at that moment nothing was beyond him. Smiling, confident, he strode into the Lobby.

A moment later the Teller was standing before the House.

"Final scores!" he cried. "Opposition 483, Government 482. Opposition wins by one vote."

Pandemonium broke out.

Yes—Richard had been out of the game too long. He had forgotten which side he was on.

Lucy married well, into Agriculture and Fisheries. Richard applied for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. The office, while he held it, marked the summit of his political career.

SOFT TEXTURED
KNITTED SWEATERS
Warm companions to wear under four
suits, and with your skirts.
South African paper
Baby, it's cold outside.



MAHGOO

THE FASTEST SHOW ON EARTH

With Signor Ramponi's Amazing Alfas

"**M**OTOR racing," says Mr. Punch's Artist (I use the present tense, although, as you will realize, this actually happened four days ago—last Saturday to be precise)—"motor racing is a sort of international circus."

I can see what he means. Wherever the big top of road racing goes up, at Rheims or Albi or Monza, the same acts are usually on the bill, with the same old friends meeting this week here, next week there, moving from one country to another all through the summer, with the gaudy paraphernalia of a mechanized rodeo. They are as picturesque, as curiously balanced between temperament and discipline, as any man on the flying trapeze. Tents, bands and worshipping fans are their setting.

A great occasion this, the first time a Grand Prix d'Europe has been held in England, and the King and Queen and Princess Margaret have come to see it. From early morning, cars in all stages of decay, soothed and shepherded by the R.A.C. and the police, have blocked the narrow lanes of Northamptonshire, and the valleys have been full of the thunder of ancient sporting rattletaps brimming over with handlebar moustaches. But all memories of noise die away beside the unbelievable din of the track. Get too near the edge as the cars rocket past and it feels as if you have been shot in the ear—and even from the most remote corners the wail of tortured tyres rises to an unearthly pitch. The noise and the bitter-sweet smell of the exhausts are overpowering, and yet strangely exciting.

A deserted aerodrome is usually one of the seediest things in the world, but for to-day Silverstone has been nicely dressed. The Royal stand is banked with flowers, geraniums spring brilliantly from white oil drums along the front of it, and the flags of the nations whip tautly in a stiff breeze. The sun is so strong that pale men you met in



the morning are by tea-time a ripe purple. In the distance the track is dim with mirages, out of which come little specks that, almost before you can take a pinch of snuff, have become hurtling brightly-coloured cars, their long, absurdly low bodies hugging the ground, their wheels disproportionately large, their drivers wrestling with the steering with all their strength. Not until they are past is the full fury of the exhaust let loose. Next moment they are specks again, and a second later, or so it seems, no more than a distant screech of tyres. Few conversations at Silverstone are ever finished. You begin to tell the inside story of what De Dion Bouton said to Delaunay-Belleville, and suddenly you are wrapped in a great blanket of sound, after which the rest of the story seems even sillier than it is. For this reason quite early in the day a Trappist silence, even in the pits, settles on Silverstone, and social intercourse is confined to a few elementary gestures of goodwill. . . .

The curtain-raiser this afternoon was a race between tiny four-wheeled beetles propelled with demonic energy by motorbike engines in their tails. This is a new and so far British sport, though the French are becoming interested. Insects that move at a hundred miles an hour while imitating a pneumatic drill working in a cistern have their own fascination. Wing-Commander F. Aikens in his Iota triumphed over a large number of less classical beetles. . . .

The start of the big race, to the very second of three o'clock, is exceedingly impressive. By making best time in practice the four Alfa-Romeos have won their places in the front rank. So confident is this





team that only at the minute signal is life instilled into the engines. When the flag drops there is a cloud of blue smoke from the wildly spinning tyres and the cars charge away down the straight. After the first lap it is clear that nothing but accident can stop the Alfas winning. They are magnificent machines, driven with mathematical perfection. They run like clocks, and play with one another like a school of porpoises, taking the lead in turn. Everyone is very sorry the Ferraris, the only cars that might have held them, were unable to come. The Maseratis, which won at Silverstone two years ago, are no longer fast enough, nor are the French Talbots nor the veteran English E.R.A.s, though they are all trying gamely and there are many breath-snatching individual duels that go on grimly for lap after lap. Two cars will reach a corner neck and neck, and then struggle desperately to gain a few feet while skidding round it side by side at as much as a hundred. *Figurez vous, mon ami!* . . .

The winner is G. Farina, who drove superbly and broke the local record with a lap at an average speed of ninety-four miles an hour, a prodigious feat when you consider the nature of the corners and the paucity of straight track. In another from the same stable an Englishman, Reg Parnell, was third. The Alfas richly deserved their win, as Italian

racers in general deserve their present supremacy. For the moment we, who can also build good motors, are in this matter hopelessly behind them. But at last there is new hope, and we realized how great a hope this morning, when we saw the British B.R.M., not yet quite ready to race, show some of its paces in three solo circuits, driven by Raymond Mays, to whose inspiration we owe it. It was indeed a tense moment when for the first time it whistled under the critical eye of the motoring public. No Spring model from Dior, no new play by Mr. Christopher Fry, has been awaited with half this eagerness. Was rescue from Continental domination really at hand? Peter Berthon, who designed the E.R.A., had fathered it, and that was promising. The experts goggled at the cleanliness of the lines. Like most modern racers in the 1500 c.c. class, it is very small; but under its glistening tube of a bonnet are sixteen cylinders (each smaller than a Baby Austin's) that develop about four hundred horse-power. The Alfas and Maseratis are so low on the ground that one imagined human ingenuity had reached its limits; but the entire bodywork of the B.R.M., except the head fairing, is below the level of the top of the tyres!

The history of the B.R.M. is equally remarkable. It is the result of a joint effort on the part of the

motor industry (normally highly competitive), a number of the leading firms having agreed to pool their resources in order to produce the best possible racing car. The cost has been met entirely by voluntary contribution, partly from the trade and partly from private subscribers, and a further appeal for funds was launched at Silverstone to-day. Racing cars are horribly expensive, but if the B.R.M. is as good as it seems then whatever the bill it should be an excellent national investment. *AS* ~~As~~ an engineering people we can't afford to go on being beaten indefinitely in international competitions. . . .

Mr. P.'s A. and I have had excellent opportunities during the day to indulge in our favourite study of motor-racing zoology, and you will no doubt be glad to learn that our old friend, the Silverstone hare, is still with us, a sturdily independent animal who can treat one hundred and thirty thousand people with the measured contempt of one versed in ancient mysteries. He has preserved a turn of speed which appears to put him on equal terms even with the Alfas, with which his still lamentable traffic sense brought him into frequent conflict. The R.A.C.'s admirable arrangements for the meeting cannot be expected to include classes in safety first for all the wild life on the aerodrome, but perhaps as this hare has become a national figure they may be persuaded to give him a little private tuition in the elementary precaution of not doubling across the track at the peak moments of the race. Larks, which stood in the middle of it pecking at the tarmac, need cause no concern. They can wait until the red demons are almost upon them, as often they did, and yet take off in good time, like helicopters. **ERIC KEOWN**



AT THE PICTURES

Prelude to Fame—The Dividing Line

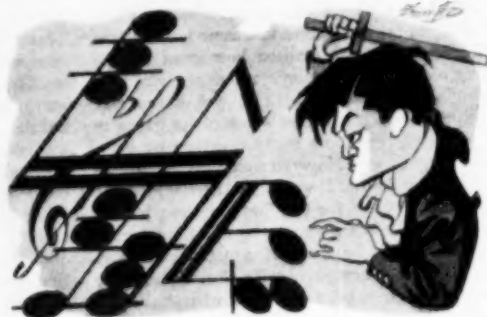


I was perhaps unwise to re-read ALDOUS HUXLEY's story "Young Archimedes" before seeing the film that has been "based on" it, *Prelude to Fame* (Director: FERGUS McDONELL). To judge a film by its faithfulness to a literary original is not sensible; one should take it as it is, and judge it by the way it keeps to the key and mood it sets for itself, by the way it does what it seems to set out to do (which is hardly ever, and hardly ever can be, what the literary original set out to do). But since in this instance the result, though interesting, is not a good film, I may be permitted a discontented reference to the fact that one of the main points of the story has been abandoned. The prodigy in the original

was a mathematical prodigy, discovered by way of his intellectual interest in music; the tragedy (and that also of course has been abandoned) came about because of his ignorant patroness's efforts to make him, against his will, precisely the sort of spectacular virtuoso that this picture allows him to become. Well, no doubt it was decided that few moviegoers would see much in a child's ability to grasp untaught the intellectual beauty of mathematical problems, whereas many would agree with Signora Bondini herself that the proper place for an infant musician is in a velvet suit conducting a full orchestra in works combining tunefulness with intricacy. The music (Weber, Borodin and others) comes over very well, and JEREMY SPENSER conducts it with impressive verve. He also plays Bach very nicely on the piano, and does well in his

dramatic scenes. But the picture as a whole gives rather a stuffy, contrived impression.

The Dividing Line (Director: JOSEPH LOSEY) had reminded me of *Moonrise* at two or three points before I recalled that GAIL RUSSELL appeared in that, too. This is in one



Music, Music, Music!

Gilda Ferapia—JEREMY SPENSER

way less ambitious than *Moonrise*: it is not the study of a single persecuted character for his own sake, but deals with a broader and simpler theme, the situation that his persecution brings to a head—"the dividing line" between the better-off residents of a small Californian town and the poor quarter where the Spanish-American vine-

yard workers live. It's another of those disturbing pictures that show how easily a respectable American community can produce a dangerous, savage mob ready to lynch and destroy, and it is really well done and satisfying to watch: neither solemn nor heavy, and quite without that atmosphere most conveniently described as "brooding." Part of the story is a straightforward pursuit: a frightened youth who has unintentionally hit a policeman becomes the

centre of a man-hunt that is played up so irresponsibly by newspapers and radio that when cornered he is regarded as a desperate criminal. The locals are then ready to lynch other "fruit tramps" and, in particular, to destroy the office of a newspaper whose editor ventures to open a fund for the boy's defence. This is all done with first-rate detail and sparkling small-part playing; there isn't a dull moment either visually or audibly.

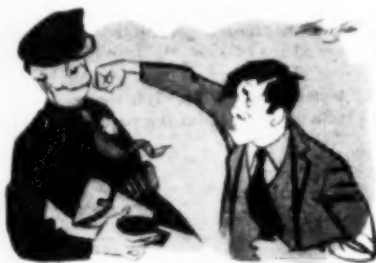
MACDONALD CAREY gives a restrained and credible portrait of the editor, Miss RUSSELL plays with intelligent sympathy the part of a Spanish girl on the workers' side, and LALO RIOS is excellent as the persecuted youth.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Other good ones still to be found in London (so far as I can discover at the time of writing) include *Jour de Fête* (3/5/50), *The Happiest Days of Your Life* (22/3/50) and that really excellent, highly enjoyable musical *On the Town* (12/4/50).

New releases are not exciting, though *One Way Street* (murder, pursuit, good Mexican detail) has points. Don't overlook an earlier one, *The Search* (16/11/49), which is worth making a considerable effort to find. RICHARD MALLETT



The Cop and the Clip

The Officer—CHUBBIE; Paul Rodriguez—LALO RIOS

SCIENCE ON THE 8.40

AS the eight-forty drew out of Chipstone, Smithers looked around the compartment and then nodded to Fanshawe.

"She's gathering speed," he remarked.

We all stared at him. It was a pretty footling remark, even for Smithers. The eight-forty always does gather speed—of a sort. Otherwise it would never get us to town.

Tebb unfolded his newspaper.

"Gathering speed!" he said. "I always thought this train gathered moss."

Smithers ignored him.

"It is a curious fact," he went on, "that with increase of speed time passes more slowly. I've been looking through a book on Relativity," he said.

"Oh, that stuff!" Tebb snorted. "Does Reading stop at this train?"

"There's more in it than you think," said Smithers. "The faster you move the more slowly time passes."

"Of course it does," said Tebb. "You get there in a shorter time."

Smithers began to show signs of irritation. "That is not what I mean. With increase of velocity time itself passes more slowly."

"You mean that if you moved fast enough time would stand still?"

"Yes. But that would only happen at the speed of light; in practice this speed could never be attained by a material object."

"Not on this train," said Tebb.

"You see," continued Smithers, "mass increases with velocity, and at the speed of light mass would become infinite."

"So what?" said Tebb.

"Well, you see, that is impossible."

"Only relatively."

Smithers breathed heavily and turned back to Fanshawe.

"Another interesting thing," he said, "is that with an increase in its velocity the length of an object is reduced."

"You mean—the faster this train moves the shorter it becomes?"

"That's right."

Tebb laid down his paper.

"Surely not," he said. "A moment's thought will tell you that when a train goes faster the couplings are stretched, and the train gets longer. When it slows down the buffers bang together as the rear carriages catch up, and so the train becomes shorter."

"That," said Smithers frigidly, "has nothing to do with it."

Tebb shrugged his shoulders and began to fill his pipe.

"Who says so?" he asked.

"Einstein says so."

"Oh, him! A cousin of mine, an undergraduate, painted one of his statues green."

"That was Epstein."

"Same thing. These chaps aren't normal like you and me."

"Please leave me out of it," said Smithers haughtily. "I expect you are one of the people who still believe that the earth is flat."

Tebb puffed his pipe well alight and settled back in his corner.

"Not at all," he said. "If the earth were flat there would be no point in having three-speeds on bicycles."

After that, silence fell on the compartment. Tebb is an ass, but he does enable us to get on with our crosswords.

BACK ROOM JOYS

Knowing Better, Keeping Quiet

KNOWING better, keeping quiet—

This is an ambrosial diet.

Contradicting is bad form,

Knowledge kept inside keeps warm.

"Botticelli's 'Mona Lisa' . . ."

"Avignon was built by Caesar . . ."

" . . . Panthéon . . . Napoleon's coffin . . ."

Listen to the crass old boffin—

Every single fact mixed up!

This is nectar in your cup;

Do not spill it; sniff its savour—

Once it's gone where is the flavour!

Now it's the Croisette at Nice!

Now it's "gendarmes" for police!

Do not stop him—let him utter;

Speech is bread but silence butter.

All day long you'll hug it tight—

How you could have put him right!

But you didn't—that's the fun.

Sometimes there's another one,

Someone keeping quiet too.

Then the merest wink will do,

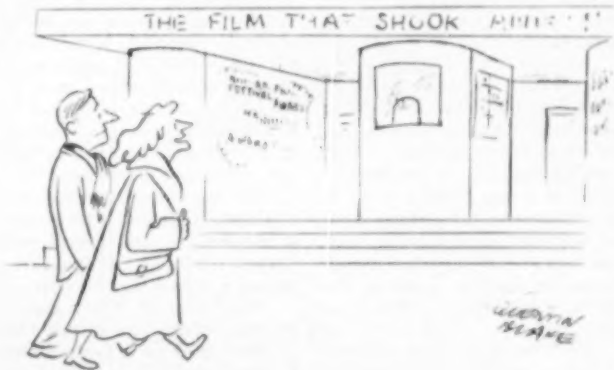
Showing that you knew, but more,

Like an epicure, forbore.

Then the joy finds full fruition—

Modesty plus recognition.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Well, having seen the play and read the book and studied the reviews and followed the serial in the evening paper and bought the record of the music and listened to the adaptation of the soundtrack on the wireless and heard what Philip and Mildred had to say about it I'm absolutely sure it's a film we just mustn't miss."

THE AUDIT INSPECTION

WE hadn't had an audit inspection at Uluska for years. The last auditor to visit our station was new to up-country conditions in East Africa and had a nervous breakdown after checking the prison stores.

There was a little difficulty over razors, heads, prisoners', for the shaving of. Old Fateh, our man-slaughter case, had won our only razor from the head warden in a game of dice. He had produced it all right at the audit inspection, but had become a bit primitive when the auditor had suggested that it was still government property.

After that we were not troubled for a long time, but now Mustafa Ali, our cash clerk, warned us that the inquisitorial eye was about to focus on us again. Mustafa Ali had a distant cousin with second sight, and we never ignored his warnings.

We started making a few inquiries. Surprise of course is the breath of life to auditors who like to pop in unannounced, but we picked up quite a lot of clues. There was no doubt someone was working his way towards us. Uncertainty vanished when a passing Indian trader told us that he had sold some cigarettes in a neighbouring district to a European stranger with a green pencil sticking out of his pocket. Green pencils are the auditor's badge of office.

We even deduced which auditor it would be. We knew him for an unsympathetic fellow who didn't understand about I.O.U.s in the petty cash. There had been an awkward incident, too, in another district over a man found sleeping in the strong room with a pile of notes for a pillow. The District Commissioner was never given a chance to explain that on occasions the strong room had to serve as a police lock-up.

The only other thing we knew about him was that he was keen on bird shooting, and we had some of the liveliest duck and geese in East Africa right on our own doorstep.

So we planned to sweeten him up with a sight of our lake the moment he arrived. It seemed a pity to

sacrifice our wildfowl, but if it meant fewer queries it was all in a good cause. Anyway, a fellow who spent his time counting cash and thumbing through old receipt books was not likely to do much damage.

We began to get things ready. We managed to balance the cash book and dissuaded Mustafa Ali from polishing the shillings in the strong room. We had some trouble in the tool store: there were one hundred and seventy-nine picks too few and somebody had just written a large question mark where the total should have been for hammers, stone-breaking. We thought the best thing to do was to empty the store completely and say all the tools had been issued to road gangs at least fifty miles away. If the worst came to the worst a bridge or two could collapse and make contact with the road gangs impossible for a few days.

The store looked very neat with nothing in it except a large pile of debris in one corner. White ants come in very handy when you're short of used counterfoil receipt books which an auditor is bound to ask for. By the time we had finished it was impossible to tell where nature left off and where art began.

And, of course, we remembered to remove all our chits from the safe.

Then we sat down to wait. It wasn't for long. At three o'clock next afternoon a car drove up to the boma and an obvious auditor got out. It was unfortunate that his arrival coincided with a wild, sad cry from Mustafa Ali: the cash book had unbalanced itself again.

But my District Commissioner was right on the mark. He was out of his office and shaking hands with the auditor before the chap had a chance to get up the first step.

"Ah," he said, "Very glad to see you. We're just knocking off. We work from seven to three here. I expect you'd like a cup of tea. Come up to the house, and then I thought you might care for a go at the geese."

The auditor looked quite human when he heard that.

"By jove," he said, "geese!

Nothing I'd like better; and we needn't really talk business until to-morrow."

We went off after tea to the lake. The D.C. and I did quite well, but the auditor surprised us. We had to admit that he was a pretty shot. After he'd got five Egyptian geese and half a dozen duck he said "I hope we're not overshooting this place!"

We were a bit worried, but he seemed to be warming to us so nicely that we told him to keep on. The bigger the bag the fewer the awkward queries on the morrow, we felt.

We did him proud that night, and he responded very nicely. By ten o'clock the D.C. thought it safe to smooth the way for the next day's inspection. He said he hoped the auditor wouldn't be very bored having to check figures in the office all day. If he didn't take too long there was a very good duck swamp not far away.

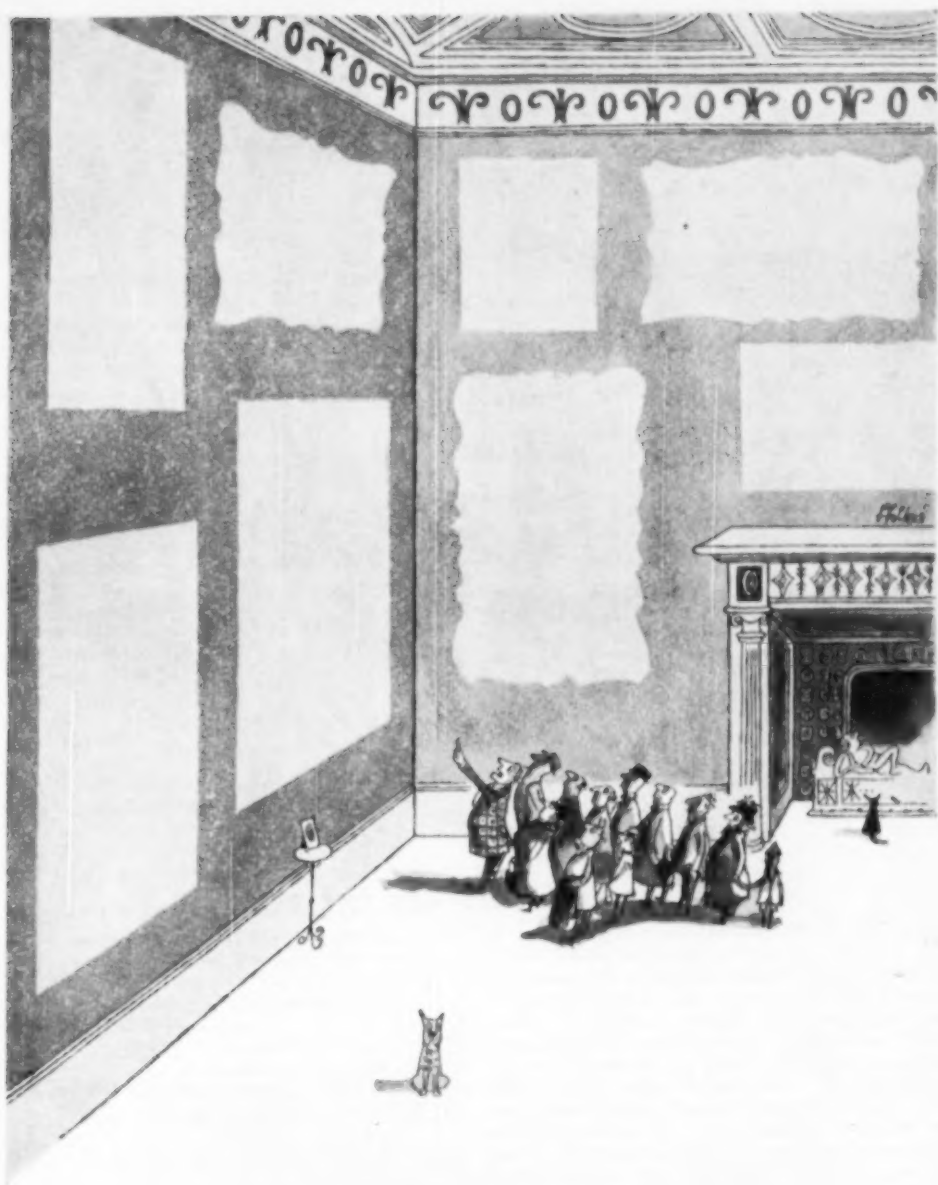
Our visitor looked a bit startled. "What?" he said, "I'm not an auditor. I'm the new Forestry Officer, having my first look round the area. Didn't you get my telegram to say I was coming?"

We explained about telegrams usually taking longer than letters to arrive and laughed a lot about our false alarm over the auditor. We suddenly realized that we shouldn't, after all, have to get up before dawn to balance the cash book, and the D.C. told me to rout out the village store keeper and buy some more beer.

We saw the Forestry Officer off next day, and as he drove away in a cloud of dust another car drew up at the boma steps. A large, tough-looking chap got out, hugging a couple of gun cases.

"I'm the auditor," he barked. "I want to start checking straight away."

We got him down to the lake eventually, but it wasn't a success. After the previous evening there wasn't a bird within miles. And, of course, I'd forgotten about the I.O.U. I'd put into the safe when I went to buy the beer.



"... and this was a full-length portrait with
landscape background of Lady Agnes and her favourite Bedlington Brimstone."



"I told you that sign said 'Unsuitable for Motors' . . ."

QUIET PLEASURES ARE THE BEST

MR. BADDLEBRIG was parson of the village of —ham, and one T—day evening in Ju— as he sat in the rectory parlour with his family about him he said "Well, my dear ones, what is it to be to-night, Forfeits, Progressive Backgammon or Verses?" "Verses, Paps," said a childish treble from the window-seat, and, assent to the proposal being eagerly accorded by all present, verses became the diversion for the night. For a quarter of an hour no sound was to be heard save the scratching of pens, until, with a quizzical glance at his silver repeater, Mr. Baddlebrig announced that the time allowed for composition had elapsed and that the slip of paper he drew from the urn at his side contained the name of none other than Master Benjamin Baddlebrig himself.

With somewhat of a hangdog mien Master Benjamin read the following to the attentive ears of his audience:

HOMAGE TO JOHANNES GUTENBERG

You were the first of the lot,

J. G.

An achievement quite devilish hot,

J. G.

If you hadn't occurred

Should we ever have heard

Of Carton or Pynson or Wynkyn de Worde?

The answer is "Certainly not"

J. G.

The answer is "Certainly not."

"The fourth line exceeds the limits of prosodie licence," said Mr. Baddlebrig severely, but at the tears which started to Master Benjamin's eyes he relented and added good-humouredly, "Even Skelton was not impeccable."

The lot next fell upon Mr. Timothy Fittle, the

curate, who, with a look of embarrassed adoration at the eldest Miss Baddlebrig, recited:

OPUS NINETEEN

*It was an Old Knight
And he lived in a tomb,
Revising his Will
And abusing the gloom.
To him came Merryman
Bearing a lamp;
And the Knight then complained
That the tomb was too damp.*

"Capital," exclaimed Mr. Baddlebrig, slapping his thigh, "rum-punch all round. Now who have we next? Why, it is Sairey-Anne." So, with many a blush and giggle and many a prompting from her brother to "Speak up and not be a Juggins," Sairey-Anne declaimed:

A DESPERATE CRY

*Oh, Flanagan, do not serve any more posheen to Rosemary.
As her grandmother and guardian I must beg you to desist,
None of the money in her reticule is legal tender.
I have essayed to wean her from passing aside, but as long
as you continue to serve her she is likely to persist.*

"A tricksome metre, handled not without aplomb," commented Mr. Baddlebrig approvingly. Then amid intent expectation another slip was withdrawn and, after scanning it with whimsical deliberation, the Master of Ceremonies called upon—himself. Thereupon, with a modicum of hemming and hawing, he uttered the following:

PRANKSOME PRUE

*Say, partner, didya onct hear tell
Of Prudence, as was Murphy's gal?
If ya did, I'd take it kind
To give me the facts for they's 'scaped ma mind.*

"Admirable, Papa!" cried the family circle. "You are the best of us all." "Innate gifts are no proper subject for laudation," Mr. Baddlebrig rebuked them gently, and called upon Miss Rebecca Baddlebrig, a somewhat soured spinster of uncertain temper, who, with a defiant sniff, proclaimed:

XXXVII

*Who walks by the dockside
In furs and peroxide
Was once a daughter
And purveyed laughter.*

After the applause had subsided, Mr. Baddlebrig remarked judiciously, "A little old-fashioned, perchance, but none the worse for that. Many such a verse had we by heart when I was at college and the earlier publications of Messrs. Faber and Faber were coming hot from the press."

The next to present a contribution to the entertainment of the company was little Jenny Baddlebrig, who sat perched on the fender, smoothing her pinafore and pouting her rosy lips. Tremulously she piped:

PENSÉE

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
So I find the blossoms dry.
Nothing of me but will fade,
If I live alone much longer in this bee-loud glade.*

All were vastly pleased by these lines, and praises were showered upon the demurely lowered head of the small poetess. When Mr. Baddlebrig decreed that the evening's festivities must shortly draw to a close there was a chorus of respectful protests; but he insisted that only one poem more should see the light before the hour struck at which the rules of health enjoined retirement. There was great jubilation when the last slip disclosed the name of Mrs. Baddlebrig, best of wives and mothers and a lady honoured as widely as she was loved. With her wonted serene composure she put down her needlework and in a low, sweet voice of crystal clearness read:

REMINISCENT QUATRAIN

*Full many a noble elm and graceful oak
Did I fall out of when I lived in Stoke.
What time the cold North Wind festooned with icicles
The beads of potters on enormous tricycles.*

With quietly shining faces her loved ones threw themselves upon The Dearest Mother-That-Ever-Was to enfold her proudly to their bosoms. Then Mr. Baddlebrig rose to his feet and pronounced the conclusion of what all agreed had been one of the jolliest evenings they had known. R. G. G. PRICK



"Cadric's getting on very nicely
at school with his free discipline."



HER mean, drab cage
of sullen stone—
the grim North Country mill-town's
OWN—

her mind doth make
an aviary
where vivid-plumaged birds do fly:
a place aloud
with chirrupings,
with starts and flickers
of bright wings,
wherein all day she trills
and sings.

The milkman calls
and leaves two gills:
at once the tale
her quick tongue spills
of how he told her, for a fact,
that Jem, next door but four,
is sacked.

"And her expecting!"

Tragedy!
Flo's thoughts from this
calamity
dip, averse, and twist:
they fly to all
friends ever ill in hospital—
with sudden dartings
and escapes
to knitting,
and the price of grapes,
from which in turn

they glance aside
to childhood treats
at Whitesuntide,
skimming across
these common things
with O such eager
flutterings,
such nectar-sips, ideas and words
blurr like the wings
of humming-birds.

Each hideous china ornament
she dusts—
each brilliant argument
with "The Electric" or "The Rent,"
the grocery bill,
the hawker's cries;
these themes upon her tongue she
tries

all day—
The enchanting song she pours
(soon as her husband comes indoors)
into his ear.

Tom answers "Aye!"
or "No!"
and is content,
his duty said,
to eat his tea and shake his head—
two cups for Flo,
one slice of bread,
Tom takes scant notice;
Tom is wise,
for she on honey-dew hath fed
being a bird-of-Paradise.

R. C. SCRIVEN



An Industrial Journey

THE CRYSTAL BEEHIVE



IN the centre of a large workshop called the "glass-house" stands a strange domed structure rather like an igloo with twelve openings spaced evenly about its circumference. Each hole is the entrance to a fireclay pot full of molten glass, and every few seconds men brave the glare and heat and poke their long irons into the viscous fluid. They retire from the furnace with their blowing-irons charged with a blob of glowing "metal," and as they

service of robber bees probing with their long proboscides for red-hot honey.

Now watch that blob of golden glass. The blower or "footmaker" continues to juggle with it until its colour is just right; then he rolls it on a polished iron slab ("marvers" it, that is) and suddenly swings it aloft above his head. He applies the open end of the pipe to his mouth and blows. Only a single puff, such as one might employ against the candles of a birthday cake, and the glass is inflated. Once

smaller blobs of glass on to the round base of the bubble. Then he stretches them—like a schoolboy demonstrating the versatility of chewing-gum—and models the stem and foot.

Another member of the team now takes over. This is a glass-maker dignified with the title of the "workman." His job is to break the glass from the blowing-iron, to restore its malleability by subjecting it to the heat of a subsidiary furnace known as the "glory hole," and to trim away the waste glass at the mouth of the vessel with shears. No easy job, this: it would be much easier, I imagine, to cut an accurate profile from a suspended sheet of



make for their chairs they keep the blob in position by weird and infinitely subtle movements of the iron. A suitable preliminary exercise for would-be glass-blowers might be to walk ten yards or so with a teaspoonful of treacle on the end of a hat-pin.

Imagine a drum major putting on his act with a length of limp macaroni . . . No, forget the macaroni—and the igloo—and imagine a huge beehive and a shuttle

again the pipe is swung about in a most mysterious manner, and slowly the shape of the bubble changes: its girth expands, it becomes full-bellied and swan-necked.

Now the footmaker's task is done, and he hands over his iron to the "servitor," whose job—believe it or not—is to fit and mould the foot of the glass vessel. You see, the footmaker is so called merely because he begins the cycle of operations. He kicks off, you might say. The servitor holds the blowing-iron while the "boy" drops

wet dough. It was while I was thinking up this instructive comparison that I suddenly saw the glass with a new eye. What had been one large blob and two minor globules of molten "metal" was now a balloon brandy glass of distinguished proportions.

"Oh, it's a brandy glass!" I shouted at the workman.

"Ah, yo'll see 'em on the pictures sometimes," was, I think, his reply.

All hand-blown domestic glassware (Board of Trade terminology)

is made very much in this way—by a “chair” of workers. The size of the chair varies with the nature of the product and with prevailing theories about specialization, but the four-man chair of footmaker, servitor, workman and boy is quite common in Stourbridge and Brierley Hill, where most of Britain’s finest cut crystal is made. The “chair” is not only a noun of assembly, however: it is also the glassmaker’s throne, a wide seat with sloping steel arms across which the blowing-iron can be rolled as the glass is wheedled into shape. The chair and the blowing-pipe together with calipers, shears and pliers—oh, yes, and those bits of wood or metal (I’m not sure which)—are the glassmaker’s only tools.

Not all glassware is produced in the Stourbridge manner, only the finest crystal tumblers, salad bowls, jugs, wine glasses, decanters, carafes, vases, powder-bowls and trinkets. Most of the glass in the shops is machine-made, pressed or blown by robots which can turn out hundreds of bottles or jam jars in the time it takes a footmaker to collect his blob of metal from the furnace. Hand-blown glassware (it *should* be lung-blown, of course, but the full weight of officialdom is against me) is costly to produce not only because it consumes so many man-hours of productive effort but because it is made from costly raw materials. The ingredients of the batch or mixture are fine white sand, red lead, potash and saltpetre. The lead gives “English cut crystal” its distinctive character: in fact, “glass of lead” was a purely British invention of the seventeenth century. It is a truly beautiful material, brilliantly clear, lustrous and richly refractive. No one with half an eye could possibly confuse it with imported soda glass or even with “half crystal.”

It must be admitted, however, that opportunities for comparison are now severely restricted, for nine out of ten pieces of English crystal glassware are exported and the stay-at-home remainder soon disappears from the shelves of the china shop. Sad to relate, this is an industry in some trouble: the

recruitment of young apprentices is not nearly good enough to keep the chairs fully occupied, and the know-how of the ancients is gradually dying out. And yet, on a short bus ride between Stourbridge and Brierley Hill I saw quite half a dozen youngsters sitting at their doorsteps and blowing soap bubbles of amazing contours.

The balloon brandy glass is one of the few products of the industry that are left undecorated, so it is not quite typical of Stourbridge glass. To gain admittance to the cutting and engraving shop we must follow the progress of an elaborately patterned decanter. Here I found the din so piercing and shattering that I expected at least half the output of glassware to disintegrate, to explode in revolt. I am beginning to disbelieve all those stories about the havoc wrought among wine glasses by Italian tenors. Glass does get broken in Stourbridge, but chiefly under the stresses and strains induced by sudden thermal changes. And all scrap or “cullet” goes back into the batch.

People whose nerves are set on edge by the sound of fingernails being filed, by the squeaking of chalk on a shiny blackboard or the scraping of a chair-leg on a tiled floor should steer clear of the glass-cutting room. The squealing of cold glass under the abrasive wheel is enough to set the stoutest nerve-endings squirming.

Glass-cutting is done in two stages. First, the bold painted outlines of the pattern are cut by the “rougher”; then the “smoother” with his stone grinding wheels trims the deep mitre cuts and facets and adds intricate detail. The vessel is then polished in a bath of acid: the frosted cuts become smooth and clear—presto! The skill of British craftsmen has become, through misuse of the term, a platform platitude, a meaningless bit of political padding or,



perhaps, cajolery; yet the real thing—and I have already encountered much of it on this industrial journey—is unbelievably exciting and heart-warming. Put a pottery thrower, a hat-maker, a glass-blower or a glass-cutter on the variety stage and the average juggler or prestidigitator would seem a novice by comparison.

Heavily cut glass is not of course to everyone's taste. Design critics maintain that an unpleasant tactile surface is produced which destroys the essential ductility of blown glass. Death-by-a-thousand-cuts stuff they call it. It is even said that the tradition of deep cutting arose not from any aesthetic peculiarity of the English but from fiscal exigencies. In 1745 heavy excise duties were levied on glass and naturally enough the makers tried to reduce the taxable weight of their wares: deep cutting was one way of evading duty. Bureaucratic interference in industry is clearly not quite so recent as we sometimes suppose.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"Either they're away or they don't like milk."

THE COSMIC MESS

CLIMBING with curses into "full evening dress" the other day, this column reflected once more on the hard lot of Man (as opposed to Woman). Woman, in these days, can slip into full evening dress with comparative ease. She puts on one garment (underwear is here ignored as there has been enough written about that already), a pair of stockings, a pair of shoes, and there she is. It is true she has taken some pains with her hair (but Man has had to shave—sometimes twice a day): and perhaps (not always) she has a comb, or a couple of pins in her hair, a brooch, a bangle or a flower at the bosom. Granting all that, look how few are the articles

of wear she has to assemble and assume:

- 1 Dress (ignoring undies)
- 2 Stockings
- 2 Shoes
- 1 Comb
- 2 Pins
- 1 Brooch
- 1 Flower at bos.

10

(Woman insists that the Bag should be included. Very well, that makes 11).

See, now, how Man must suffer to be beautiful. He must assemble (underwear again ignored):

- 1 Tail-coat
- 1 Pr. Trousers

550

- 1 Stiff Shirt
- 1 White Tie
- 1 Collar
- 1 Collar Stud
- 1 Back Stud
- 2 Cuff-links
- 4 Front Stud Elements
(Why four? Because this column is thinking of those cunning little studs with tops that screw in—and screw out again half-way through the fish)
- 1 White Waistcoat
- 8 Waistcoat-button elements
(that means four buttons proper and four of those benetly little things like miniature key-rings with which the buttons are anchored in the holes)
- 1 Pair of braces
- 2 Socks
- 2 Sock-suspenders (if you are that kind of man)
- 2 Shoes
- 2 Shoe-laces

31

Thirty-one! Imagine! And not only must all these pieces be assembled and fitted in good order to make a perfect Man. The loss or failure of almost any one of them means ruin to the entire enterprise. This column gets along very well without the sock-suspenders: but all the other twenty-nine are essential. And if a column has no valet and does not do the white-tie drill very often, any of them may well be absent or rebellious. It is a pure fluke, for example, if it finds the full complement of those revolting little key-ring things in the stud-box. It is only by the grace of a specially benignant Providence if one of the tiny screw-tops of the cunning studs does not fall into a shaggy hearth-rug or bound far under the bed. One of the shoe-laces invariably breaks at the last minute: there is no new shoe-lace for miles, and the column goes off to dance with precarious knots inside the shoe and the certainty of a sore foot.

Getting into the white waistcoat alone requires wonders of endurance and ingenuity. It is, of course, too small: for several wars have been fought and won since it was bought.

The man who made it, though, sagaciously foresaw this, and at the back (lower) he fitted an adjustable strap with a buckle. At the top, near the neck, he fitted another adjustable strap with buttons, so that if the column has not enlarged unreasonably, it can still get into the garment without asphyxiation. But the laundries, as is well known, have a special department to defeat the designs of the man who makes white waistcoats. When the column (late, of course) takes out its nice clean waistcoat, there is no buckle on the lower strap and no button on the top one. Indeed, the waistcoat is not a waistcoat at all. It is merely two white isolated wings. The harassed column ties firm knots in the two straps, wrestles with the little key-rings, inserts the beautiful buttons and hangs the garment round its neck. *But it cannot button the buttons.* There is no hope of buttoning the buttons without tearing every key-ring (and button) from its bed or both straps from the fabric of the waistcoat. The only thing now is to undo the knots, button the buttons in front and tie new knots behind the back. This is practically impossible without the aid of Another (though this column has done it). Even if Another be present, there is no counting on Another's knots, splices, bends and hitches. Besides, there is now not enough left over of either strap for anyone to do better than a single half-hitch. So the column flutters forth to the Mansion House or Mayfair, bound as tight as a beer-barrel but uncertain as the Shifting Sands. It can hardly breathe; but it knows that the moment it rises to speak or dares a duchess to dance both half-hitches may carry away and its white waistcoat ingloriously descend. Few women realize how many a debonair gentleman they meet at night is suffering thus.

This column can remember a column which rushed from the House of Commons to dress for a City Dinner at which it was to make a speech. All went well. The packing had been fine. Thing after thing it extracted from the bag and fitted to the body, rehearsing the witty speech the while. At last the stately

whole was ready. Or not? Something was missing. What? The White Tie—the peak, the pinnacle. There was no white tie in the bag. Woman, now, if she forgets her camellia, brooch or bangle, or even her tiara, can still carry on. But no Man can make a speech at the Mansion House without a white tie. Not even a black will do.

This column would not mind so much if after all this anxiety and toil it looked as glorious as a Toast-Master, if it had knee-breeches and buckled shoes. When we are fully-rigged Woman is kind enough to say that we "look nice." We hope so: but we feel like mourners at a wedding. We are stiff and constricted and know what Woman used to suffer in stays. There is nowhere

to put anything except those ridiculous pouches in the tails. The spectacle-case, the cigar- or cigarette-case, the pipe, the pouch, the matches, the notes for the speech, the invitation cards, the programme, the autographed menu, must either bang about at the back of the legs or be left behind. Yes, there is a breast-pocket; but if we put anything there Woman complains that we inelegantly "bulge." If Woman counts one for the Bag, Men should count two for Deciding What To Put in the Pockets. If Woman thinks that we "look nice," any good column is content to suffer of course. But let her not suppose that we are enjoying ourselves like a cock-pheasant, peacock, or stickleback in his spring array.

A. P. H.



AT THE PLAY

Holly and the Ivy (Duchess)
The Silver King (Bedford)



FAMILY play, set in a remote village in Norfolk, and, moreover, in a rectory! The experienced grow apprehensive. There will be a shiveringly funny maid, and an unintelligible hirsute gardener, and almost certainly a gross case of peculation in the Rural Pie accounts; and the telephone will ring unceasingly to herald the arrival of parish pests and stentorian churchwardens. But in *The Holly and the Ivy*, by Mr. WYNWARD BROWNE, none of these horrors occurs. There is no telephone, no maid, only a rather nice family on the point of flying apart by the ordinary processes of human centrifugal force.

The conscientious daughter wants to get married; her less conscientious sister takes to the bottle. Her young brother is having a bad attack of disillusionment in the Army. These elements have often been used before, but here they make a play that discusses family differences wisely and naturally. It

hinges on the character of the father, a pleasant old scholar whose greatest shock is to find that his collar has been a barrier between him and his children's confidence; and once the discovery is made the barriers are broken down in scenes that are both affecting and credible. Where I felt the author had strained things a trifle was in the initial callousness of two of the children to such a winning old man; but then, as we all know, families seldom run true to form.

The cast is deservedly unchanged since the tryout at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and Mr. FRITH BANBURY again produces shrewdly. Mr. HERBERT LOMAS is perfect as the parson—burning faith and sincerity, and not a hint of the comic manner. Miss JANE BAXTER's nice Jenny could be found



(*The Holly and the Ivy*)
 Minister of Grace
 The Rev. Martin Gregory—
 Mr. HERBERT LOMAS

Mr. ANDREW CRAWFORD.

It's not difficult to trace the paternity of the early films to Victorian melodrama, but if any still doubt it they would be easily persuaded by *The Silver King*. I don't know how large a part in the collaboration was taken by HENRY HERMANN, but the hand of HENRY ARTHUR JONES is everywhere evident in the beautiful precision of a preposterous plot. All the clichés which were later to be embalmed so expensively in celluloid are here in embryo, manoeuvred with a skill that seems since to have been lost. The good man, temporarily pickled in alcohol, who is duped by the top-hatted villain, and flees his starry-eyed wife and his sobbing little ones, and then returns in the nick of time enormously rich to save them from starvation and to give the villain the works—how agreeable to see this nonsense orchestrated by an expert with his tongue in his cheek and played straight without any of the tedious burlesque that is at last, thank goodness, on its way out of fashion. Full marks to the Bedford cast.

Recommended

Julius Caesar and *Measure for Measure* are the ones to go for at Stratford, but book soon. *The Green Bay Tree*, revived at the Playhouse, isn't quite what it was, but is still a play to see. ERIC KEOWN



(*The Silver King*)

All Quiet at "The Wheatsheaf"

Capt. Herbert Skinner—Mr. MICHAEL O'HALLORAN
 Eliah Coombe—Mr. LARRY BURNS; Sam Baxter—Mr. JOHN PENZANCE

BOARD AND LOGIC

AND will you, wrote Peter innocently from the south of France, send me a pound of coffee; all we get here in the most tiresome eras.

At my local coffee-house I bought a pound of coffee in a cylindrical tin. When I had wrapped it securely in brown paper, tied it tightly with string and sealed all the knots with sealing-wax, I took it to the post office. "How much will it be to send this to the south of France?" I asked with the jaunty air affected by those doing something less ordinary than their neighbours.

"What is it, please?" asked the girl behind the counter.

"Coffee."

"Is that all?"

I said indignantly "Certainly it is. Do you think I'm trying to smuggle some diamonds out in it or something?"

"I'm sorry, dear," said the girl. "You can't send coffee by itself. Board of Trade regulation. You have to put something with it."

"Really—" I would have said more, but the twelve people behind me were muttering together. I took my parcel home, unwrapped it, and set about padding the tin with the six copies of *The Times Literary Supplement* that Peter had asked for in an earlier paragraph. The package came out much bigger and quite a different shape.

Another girl served me. "What's in it, dear?"

"Coffee," I told her proudly, "and the last six numbers of *The Times Literary Supplement*."

"Sorry, dear," said the girl. "You can't send only coffee and *The Times Literature* or whatever it was."

"You mean to say I've got to put still more in this?" I asked, smacking my callipygous parcel.

The girl put away her nail-file and sighed patiently. "It's not that," she said, "but it comes under food parcels, see?"

"And very sensible," I agreed.

"So you have to put the same amount of rationed and unrationed food in, see?"

"But I haven't put any rationed food."

"That's what I'm saying," said the girl.

"But my friend doesn't want any rationed food," I told her. "He's in France. You can get everything there is to eat and drink there except coffee."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the girl. "That's the regulations the Board of Trade make. Same weight rationed and unrationed."

"But—" The eighteen people behind me were forming up into a rugby scrum. I wrote to Peter that evening. Would he, I asked, prefer tea or cooking-fat with his coffee? Cooking-fat, I said, would suit me better, as normally I never buy any; but he could have tea if I drank only coffee at all meals for the next two months. Sugar and butter were of course not on, and it would take me a year or two to save up enough bacon.

Peter replied rather coldly that all he wanted was some coffee. It was perfectly simple, he said; everyone sent coffee to their friends in France; obviously I hadn't understood what the girl in the post office told me. When I had this letter I decided that I had better ring the Board of Trade themselves and get the thing straight from the horse's mouth. "I've been told at the post office," I said to the girl on the switchboard, "that I can send unrationed food to France only if I send rationed food as well, and I want to know what the regulation really is."

Before you could read *The Swiss*



Family Robinson I was connected with the appropriate expert. "What you want to do," she said when she had heard me through with great patience, "is to apply for an export licence."

"An export licence?" I echoed. A splendid vista opened up before me. I thought of the great fortunes of people like Sir Thomas Lipton and Elsa Maxwell. If, I thought, I can get a mortgage on my window-box and pawn my tailcoat . . .

"That enables you, you see," the expert went on, "to export five pounds in any one year without sending any rationed food at all. If you will let me have your name and address I will send you an application form."

The form arrived in good time, and I wrote to Peter immediately to know whether he would like his five pounds all at once, or at intervals of half a pound or so. A couple of days after I had sent this letter Peter returned from his holiday.

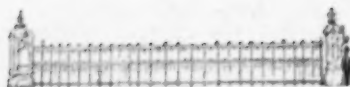
He was not at all grateful for my gift of three tasteless and colourless pats of cooking-fat.

B. A. Young

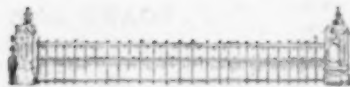


This year's **PUNCH** SUMMER NUMBER contains a special twelve-page Motoring Section.

It will be on sale on Monday, May 22nd, price one shilling.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 8th

It is axiomatic that the House reaches so early in the session what is known as the "shreds and patches" stage, but to-day's business was certainly of that nature. There was talk of children's teeth, of a national minimum wage, of State pensions and of compensation claims against foreign countries.

Truth to tell, Members showed but little interest in the discussions, and it was not surprising that the House rose early. Even Question-time (usually the bright spot of the duller day) was dullish, apart from one mighty roar produced—apparently unintentionally—by Mr. DICK STOKES, the Minister of Works. He was defending himself from complaints that the rather critical report of a "Working Party" on the Government's relations with the building industry had not been published earlier. He said blandly that it was "obviously undesirable to publish it during the election"—when the Opposition side blew up with mirth and joy. In a full Mr. STOKES remarked defensively that he "did not at all mean what honourable Members had in their minds," and the whole thing started off again.

It was easily the longest and loudest laugh of this Parliament. Which only, as they say, goes to show.

Tuesday, May 9th

The Commons was fairly well filled when it opened its proceedings

House of Lords: to-day, for it had
No Debate! been reported
House of Commons: that Mr. CHUR-
Shredder and CHILL intended to
Patchler take part in the debate on a

Commonwealth loan to Burma. The Prime Minister was there, armed with a lot of papers and attended by his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Mr. ARTHUR MOYLE. Mr. KENNETH YOUNGER, Minister of State, with still more papers, was

there to move the formal motion approving the Government's part in the loan. A long line of other Ministers was there to repel the expected attack, for Mr. CHURCHILL was known to have "views" on the subject.

When Question-time ended Mr. YOUNGER, possessor of one of the most musical voices in the House, rose and mentioned that the entire loan was one of £6,000,000, its period two years, its use to be confined to internal purposes in Burma. Out of the total this country was to find £3,750,000, India £1,000,000,

note to his leader. Then the whole process was gone through again, with a second exchange of notes, in the course of which Mr. ATTLEE nodded his head vigorously and Mr. CHURCHILL shrugged his shoulders.

It was then that the bush-telegraph announced that Mr. CHURCHILL did not intend to speak after all—and that Mr. ATTLEE also intended to remain silent. So with something of the feeling people of old must have had when the announcement "Sorry—no joust!" was made, the House drifted away, and soon the formal assent to the loan was given.

All sorts of things, from compensation for displaced officials to cheese, were then discussed, and the House went home.

By a coincidence their Lordships were experiencing the same sort of anxiety, the same sort of anti-climax. There was a "Prayer" by the Opposition against a Government Order relating to the superannuation of mine officials—and if a Prayer is carried by either House, the Order lapses and Government business is upset. So there was some anxiety in what are still occasionally known as "Government circles," and Whips hurried about counting heads—a somewhat superfluous procedure in a House where the present Government is normally outnumbered by ten to one.

However, the Lord Chancellor once more came to the rescue with a disarming admission that he (as a lawyer and judge) had never come across anything quite so difficult as the terms of the Order. He agreed with the Opposition that it might be made a lot clearer, and so pleased were the critics by this admission that they dropped the Prayer. Everybody sighed with relief (a sound which, while common in the Commons these days, is rare in the Lords) and that was that.

Only the Government Chief Whip, Mr. WHITELEY, registered visible emotion—and he showed



Impressions of Parliamentarians

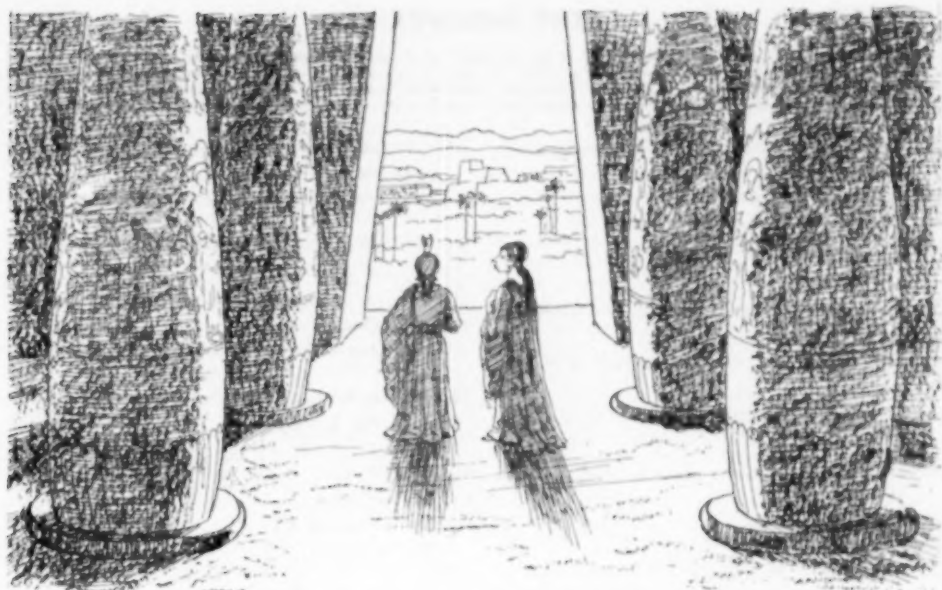
Mr. Peter Thorneycroft (Mouth)

Pakistan and Australia £500,000 each, and Ceylon £250,000.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, from the Opposition Front bench, wanted to know why only the countries named were taking part in the loan, and received the rather sharp reply that he had better ask the other countries why they were not in it.

At this point Mr. CHURCHILL rose slowly, took a piece of note-paper and an envelope from a rack on the table, sat down, wrote steadily for a minute, and then walked across the floor, where he thrust a note in front of the Prime Minister and retired once more to his own side of the House.

Mr. ATTLEE read the note, reversed it and wrote a reply on the other side. This he handed to the Home Secretary, who, as courier, duly walked two paces with it, to be met in mid-floor by the Conservative Chief Whip, who passed the



"I'm worried about Nebuchadnezzar. I don't think he's getting enough calories."

that all-purpose "Let 'em all come—don't you dare!" expression he so often wears these days in Another Place.

Wednesday, May 10th

The Commons had something of the rollicking air that used to pervade debates in the far-off days of long ago—and even some of the language of long-ago crept in.

Mr. Speaker, who so successfully keeps the peace in the House, may innocently have started it. Complaining of the length of supplementary questions, he suggested that they should be kept "short and snappy." Mr. JOHN DUGDALE, of the Colonial Office, evidently took the word "snappy" in its other connotation, and spoke of "venom" in Tory questions.

There was at once a to-do about it, and Mr. Speaker ruled that it was not a desirable word because it might engender heat, which notoriously cannot live in amity with polite debate. The business of the

House went on, and the proposal to increase railway freight charges by one-sixth was discussed. It was all as polite as any occupant of the Chair could have wished, when, suddenly, Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT (himself the very model of polite polish) read a letter from a railway engine-driver in which he referred to the Government, preceding it with the Shavian adjective. Eliza Doolittle herself could not have created a greater sensation.

While the whole House (which has few inhibitions in these matters) rocked with laughter, Mr. SPEAKER was asked whether The Word was in order, and ruled that, applied to another Member, it would certainly be out of order, but added that he "understood this was a quotation."

Mr. ALFRED BARNES, Transport Minister, replied at such length (as the hands of the clock approached nearer and nearer to midnight) that even his own supporters groaned as he gave yet another column of figures. But then the vote was taken and, with the active aid of four Liberals and the neutrality of Sir

RALPH GLYN, a Tory who agreed with the increases, the Government won by 306 votes to 283—majority 23. It was the tenth division of this Parliament.

Thursday, May 11th

Two peace moves were announced in the Commons to-day—one international, the other industrial. Mr. ATTLEE

mentioned that the Government had received from the French Government a plan to "integrate" the French and German coal and steel industries—with freedom to other countries to join if they wished—and that it was under consideration. He said it might have important effects on world peace.

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS announced the setting up of a committee of inquiry into the frequent stoppages of work in London's docks, to seek some plan which would bring peace there.

Both sets of proposals were cheered by all—subject to further consideration.

House of Commons:
Naughty Words

House of Commons:
Two Peace Moves

BOOKING OFFICE

Two Women of Genius



VIRGINIA WOOLF and Miss Elizabeth Bowen have sufficient in common for their differences to throw light upon each of them. Both have a background of ease, of reading in country house libraries and shopping in fashionable districts. Both have tried to extend a specifically feminine consciousness to the extreme bounds of language. We can compare them as essayists in two new collections, Virginia Woolf's *The Captain's Death Bed* and Miss Bowen's *Collected Impressions*. Their matter is very much the same—literature, places, conduct and taste. Miss Bowen was a friend and disciple of the older writer, and would not wish to be placed in competition with her, though the reader's instinct to award marks and declare the winner will be strong.

Virginia Woolf never revised these essays, but their quality is not noticeably below those she republished herself. They have the limpidity, gaiety, ease and sensibility of those in "The Common Reader." She delicately re-creates minor figures of the past or throws her glow-lamp upon some aspect of a major figure. She says sensible, gentle things about reviewing and feminism and what London might look like from the air. At times she rises to the iridescence of a prose *de la Mare*. She secretes impressions, and in her sheeny shell the small grits of life become not pearls but opals. She writes like an angel and we notice her kinship to Goldsmith and Herrick and even Sir Thomas Browne. Sometimes, however, the smiling acceptance becomes a little over-ripenly tolerant, the whimsicality becomes mere whimsy and the assertions that people who live among beautiful things in gracious houses are only too ready to enter imaginatively into the lives of plumbers have a cloying sweetness that hides a certain desperation. Among the pieces reprinted is the pamphlet "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," in which she attacked the naturalism of the realists Wells and Bennett and argued, brilliantly and unfairly, in favour of the new direct impressionism of her own books. This statement of her creed of fiction exactly sums up her strength and weakness as an essayist.

Miss Bowen's essays are much less easy to read. Only occasionally does her prose flow conversationally; but what prose it is, as packed as Bacon's and as vivid as Carlyle's. Intellectual thrust, wit and a wonderful eye keep it perpetually charged. It never sags, though sometimes its matter bursts its seams. Her mind works ceaselessly on the books she has read, the houses she has seen, the novels she has written, the people she has known. Where Virginia Woolf's tensions were mainly internal Miss Bowen's are external as well. She knows the tensions of race, creed and finance. Perhaps Anglo-Irish landlordism, with its alternation of spacious hospitality in the midst of a hostile population and genteel exile in English watering-places, is a more stimulating environment for genius to grow in than late Victorian literary society.

These essays include book reviews and reminiscences, the ordinary chores of journalism, like a visit to the Academy, and the famous "Notes on Writing a Novel." There are several prefaces and, among the oddments, a brilliantly evocative and amusing description of a girls' school during the first World War.

The feminine mind has only recently grown out of male imitation. Jane Austen, the Brontës and George Eliot were measuring themselves against male competitors and hoping at best to be received on equal terms—hence the masculine pseudonyms. The women novelists of this century have an assured feminine public, and there are enough feminine critics to provide the informed reception that the novelist needs as well as his daily bread. Virginia Woolf, Miss Bowen and Miss Compton-Burnett write out of their own vision without much reference to what has been done before. So far has the reversal of tradition gone that the most influential writers of fiction in the last generation have been women, with the single exception of Joyce. We have not yet reached the point, so far as I know, at which men publish first novels in female names; it would, in any case, be difficult to fake the feminine eye. Male preoccupations, like science or politics or the conflict between hands and matter, would break in.

R. G. G. PUGH

Wrong Turnings

It, says in effect Mr. William Johnstone in the revised edition of his challenging, dogmatic, learned, delightful and often exceedingly puzzling *Creative Art in Great Britain*, Henry VIII had not made Holbein his Court painter, thus setting our artists on the fatal representational path and in perpetual subjection to undiscerning patronage; and if Blake had been listened to and Hogarth understood; and if the pre-Raphaelites had



Hollis

"I'm frightfully sorry, but I'm afraid
I don't understand instructions."

not turned to Italian primitives, and the English "Impressionists" to France, but, instead, to early British and, more particularly, to Anglo-Saxon art between the departure of the Romans and the coming of the Conqueror and even between the Conqueror and Holbein—then we should not so easily have accepted the verdict of Continental schools and critics that British Art was never more than derivative and imitative. Certainly the examples assembled of early sculpture, illuminations, murals and artefacts are immensely impressive. From this our author develops his commentary, illustrated by over two hundred well-printed plates, including contemporary work. . . . A valuable book, unquestionably, this handsome quarto—for serious not desultory reading.

J. F. T.

Cloak-and-dagger in Syria

Mr. Geoffrey Household's new novel, *The High Place*, has little of the exceptional dramatic tension which made his "Rogue Male" a story to remember. In that there were no women, and in *The High Place* it is partly the hero's humourlessly sticky attitude to his mistress that lets the book down; a stained-glass devotion, almost on the Lancelot-Guinevere axis, of which one grows weary. And the woman is a tiresome creature. She runs a camp in a remote corner of Syria for Europe's unwanted, which in fact is the headquarters of a revolutionary organization aiming to save the individual by fighting the encroachment of the state all over the world. The anarchists themselves are, not surprisingly, uncertain of exactly what they want, and a good deal of solemn discussion of "isms" still further slows up the action. The hero, who tells the story in the first person, is sucked into adventures which are occasionally exciting, but only conventionally

80

E.O.D.K.



"Credo ut Intellegam"

It was an Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Anselm, who first maintained that a heavenly stance made you a better shot at earthly philosophy—that you believed so that you could understand. There is an approach to this attitude in St. Augustine, who for all his speculative reach stood four-square on divine revelation; and that is why Fr. Frederick Copleston, S.J., begins the second (medieval) volume of *A History of Philosophy* in Latin Africa. Plato and Aristotle are behind us, Aristotle's Islamic commentators and the Schoolmen ahead; and the core of the book is the great synthesis of Aquinas. Incidentally the general reader will find that this fascinating exposition of a fascinating stretch of philosophy illuminates a wider range of human interests than any comparable span. Here you have the thought-world of Dante, who put a European Averroist in Paradise with St. Thomas; the mental background of Shakespeare; and Duns Scotus who returned ("of reality the rarest-veined unraveller") to Oxford with Hopkins.

H. F. E.

An Innocent Abroad

Mr. Algernon Blackwood's reminiscent study of his early hard-up days—*Episodes Before Thirty*—is an uncommonly good book. Using his well-known flair for the supernatural hardly more than just enough to create a hazy fatalistic background he sets about the tale of how he crossed the Atlantic to find a career, only to be shamelessly tricked, robbed and exploited, making friends with the wrong people and snubbing the others, and alternating between periods of utter delight doing nothing at all in primeval forests, and patches of desperate ill-fortune when he dredged the New York police courts for "stories" as a half-starved reporter. From the intolerably sordid details of his own submerged life in the American capital there flash out not a few character sketches of real brilliance—of a megalomaniac saint, of a benefactor drug-addict, above all of the confidence-trickster, thief and forger, whom he loved and forgave and eventually sent to prison and still remembers with regret.

C. C. F.

Books Reviewed Above

The Captain's Death Bed. Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press, 10/6)

Collected Impressions. Elizabeth Bowen. (Longmans, 16/-)

Creative Art in Great Britain. William Johnstone. (Macmillan, 50/-)

The High Place. Geoffrey Household. (Michael Joseph, 9/6)

A History of Philosophy. Vol. II: Medieval Philosophy, Augustine to Scotus. Frederick Copleston, S.J. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 25/-)

Episodes Before Thirty. Algernon Blackwood. (Nevill, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

Secret Service Unmasked. Tristan Busch. (Hutchinson, 16/-) An expert—Vienna counter-espionage in the first war, interment here in the second—is bitterly sarcastic about the uncontrolled Secret Service everywhere. Interesting stuff about cryptography and other spy methods. Photographs.

Cat and Mouse. Christianna Brand. (Michael Joseph, 9/6) Wholehearted melodrama with detective interest. Welsh setting, mysterious husband, immured wife, endangered heroine. The zest of the telling sweeps the reader over the improbabilities of the tale.



"And take special care you don't fall down the steps and break your leg as you go out."

CHAMPION

"I'VE fixed up a game of tennis for you," said Edith, "with Colonel Hogg's son. He is staying with his father for a week and called round to return the eggs Mrs. Hogg borrowed on Sunday. I asked him if he would give you a game, and he said he would be delighted. Two o'clock in the park."

Edith is much too fond of fixing things up. It was true that the doctor had advised me to get more exercise and that I had talked vaguely of taking up tennis again, but it is one thing to talk vaguely about taking up tennis after a lapse of ten years and quite another to be suddenly called upon to make a fool of yourself in a public park against a youngster who played at Wimbledon last year.

"I haven't got a racket," I

said. "My old one got damp when we stored the furniture during the war, and went all curly."

"You can hire one," said Edith.

Young Hogg called for me at 1.45 and we strolled round to the park. We paid our money at a little kiosk, and I hired a racket, and then we took off our coats and put on our shoes and fiddled about with the net until it was about the right height. Then we tossed for ends and service. I won, and chose to serve first.

As I took up position a large spot of rain fell on my nose.

I threw the ball up in the air and brought down the racket with a terrific crack. I was quite sure the first service would be a fault, because when I slam the ball really hard my first service is always a

fault, but I wanted to intimidate young Hogg, and nothing is so intimidating as a terrifically fast first service, even if it hits the net or goes outside. After not serving for ten years I was quite sure, even if I hit softly, that my first effort would be a fault, so there was nothing to lose by taking a real whang at it.

Quite a crowd had gathered to watch our game, and when I opened my eyes, which I had closed to assist concentration, I found to my astonishment that they were clapping vigorously.

"That," said young Hogg, "was a corker. Beat me all ends."

We crossed over, and I was about to serve again when it really started to rain. Great big spots and plenty of them. We hared for shelter, and for the next hour sat

watching the rain fall. Then it cleared, but the court was too wet for further play.

"If young Hogg calls round to-day to fix up another game," I said to Edith next morning at breakfast, "tell him I've got a touch of neuritis and can't play."

"Coward!" said Edith.

"Not at all," I said. "When we abandoned the game yesterday I had a substantial lead . . . in fact he hadn't scored a single point. I was in magnificent form and didn't make a mistake throughout the game."

She clearly did not believe me, but when she came back from her shopping she treated me with new respect.

"I met Mrs. Hogg," she said, "and she told me that her son won't be able to play any more tennis this week as he says he has strained his elbow. But she added confidentially that she believes his elbow is really all right, and that he just doesn't want to make a fool of himself by being beaten to a frazzle in a public park by a man twice his age. It turns out that this boy is quite a rabbit. It was his brother who played at Wimbledon last year. . . ."

News travels fast in Muntion-on-Sea, and my reputation as a dangerous player is now firmly established. I have decided to abandon the game for good. The wisest champions always retire at the peak of their powers.

D. H. BARBER

COME SEVEN, COME ELEVEN

TO double the rôles of Peter and Wendy
Is fun in a way, but it leaves you weary—
And you wish you could find a *modus vivendi*,
Merely in order not to *moriri*.

To double the jobs of Martha and Mary
Is never dull but a trifle trying.
(*O Domine! O miserere!*
Strength is ebbing and time is flying.)

To triple the rôles of Poet and Peasant
And also a Lady of High Degree
Is very exciting and highly pleasant.
But how to do it you don't quite see.

Who dines at home must cook the dinner;
He sings for his supper who dines with Dives;
Who dines at a tavern his purse grows thinner;
(On Sophocles' grave green grow the ivies.)

It's nobody's fault and nobody's failing
But the times are a little bit out of joint.
The earth is sick and her children ailing;
And, to come to the end of it, here's the point:

For a fortunate man (or a woman either)
Whose mind's a kingdom and he the king,
All that's needed is just a breather—
Space to wander and time to sing;

Forty-eight hours a day for living;
Two pairs of eyes, four pairs of hands;
Time for taking and time for giving,
And time to dream on the golden sands.

So Come Seven, Come Eleven—
Baby's in need of a pair of shoes.
Mother of Earth and Queen of Heaven,
Listen! There isn't much time to lose . . .

JAN



"Here's one taken of her when she was only two weeks old."

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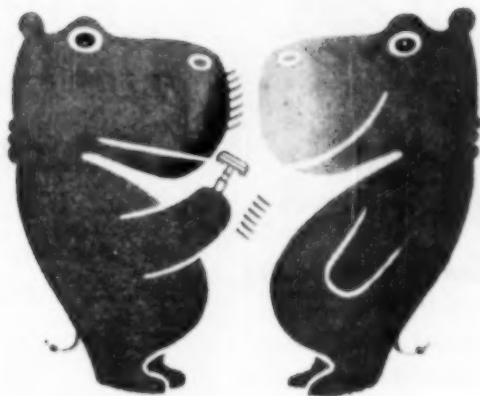
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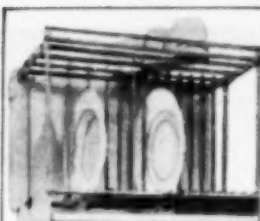
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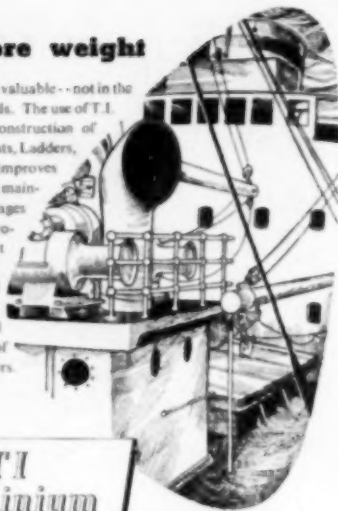
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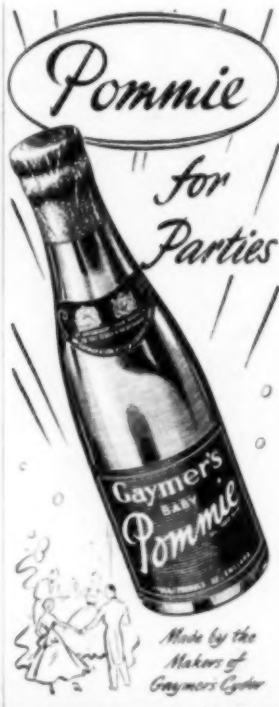
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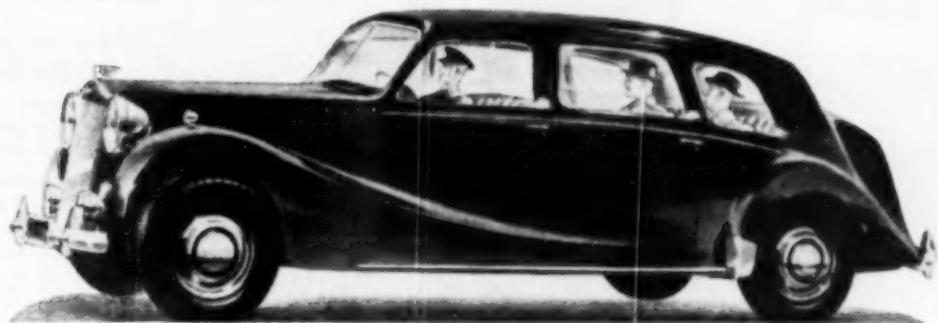
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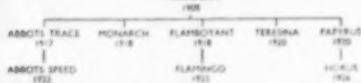
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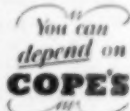
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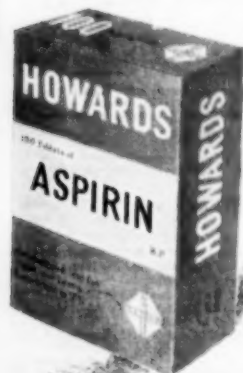
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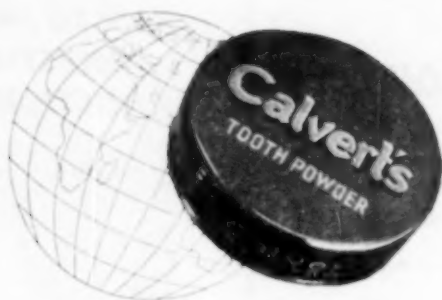
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Calvert's TOOTH Powder



Few people know

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Some people like nylon, others natural bristle. We advise you to ask your dentist. Wisdom make both. Remember though, that Wisdom Nylon outlasts even the best bristle brushes.

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At the end of its life, natural bristle snaps off, in your mouth—the brush gets thin and weak. Nylon can't snap! Instead, it bends over. In either case, it's time for a new Wisdom!

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All natural bristle brushes go softer in water, so your Wisdom Bristle should be a bit on the hard side at first. But nylon keeps its hardness, so don't get a Wisdom Nylon any harder than you want.

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Which handle is best? Tests prove that Wisdom has the correct shape. The head of the Wisdom lies back so

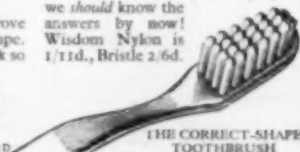


Girls of Wisdom Every Wisdom Brush has to go on parade before it is sent to the shops. An expert team of girl inspectors won't let an untidy bristle get by!

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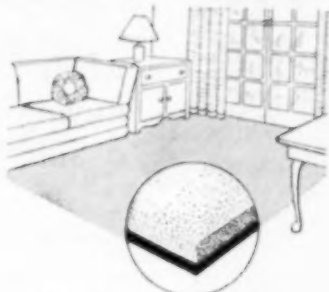
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